shoes. The "Roots" bag hangs from his shoulder. I notice the bandage under the brace, and the brace itself.

Unfortunately before I'd even carried a bin into the kitchen I started to complain about that stupid lock. He asked me to please let him get settled first. He liked to take his time in the morning. He would put his "Roots" bag on the worn office chair beside the computer. He'd remove his Ray Ban glasses and put them away in their case. Finally he'd hang up his bag on one of the hooks beside the mantle. Then he was ready for shift change.

I sat down at the little round table. I started with Jack. That morning I hadn't found any urine in cups on his dresser. The clothes weren't wet in his hamper, so he hadn't urinated there either. I proceeded down the list, reading from a sheet of yellow foolscap. Joan was out. Ellie had drunk a whole liter of orange juice. Nothing new. I said I'd had no contact with Laura.

Adam stopped me. Wasn't that Laura he'd just seen finishing her breakfast in the dining room? It was. I was reading the notes I'd taken two hours ago during shift-change with Babs. Adam loved to trip me up. It was something one did to one's understudy. I apologized and resumed shift change. There wasn't anything important. Someone was getting some cumedin that he hadn't got before. So and so's cigs and pin money had arrived for the weekend, two packs and a two dollar coin taped to each pack. Someone's clozapine